

LITTLE DIXIE—Tricksy as Ever, He Does a Car-Strap Stunt.

The \$10 Prize Offered for the Most Acceptable Name for the Coon Baby Is Awarded to John B. Mitchell, No. 1709 Ninth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., Who Suggested "Little Dixie."

**The Man
Who Won't Be
Thrown Down.**

The Importance of Mr. Peewee, the Great Little Man.

He Takes Miss Sixfoot to the Dog Show, Where an Unpampered Bull Pup Resents His Proffered Friendliness

HOW TO SHOW YOU HOW EASILY IT IS DONE,
I SIMPLY RAISE THE ARM,
AND WITH A PIERCING
GLANCE, I SAY - **DOG!**
BACK TO THE KENNEL
FOR!

BE CAREFUL,
PEEWEE,
DEAR!

"HERE!" the man who won't be thrown down. He is a woman. He gets there every time. He isn't handsome. He hasn't a million dollars in bank account. He doesn't shine with the Polish. He isn't the Best. After Dinner. He isn't the Best fellow who can Give a Girl a Good Time. No. Thank heaven! He is a MAN and he loves a woman in the good old-fashioned way, and is true to her until death.

He isn't the fellow either who Marries Beneath Him and breaks his mother's heart. Not a bit of it. When he marries you may be sure she is the first girl in the bunch.

How does he get on? Does he enter with a handicap of half the game? No. A big drag? No indeed. It is the bare and the tortoise around. He hasn't the right of chance. Poor fellow, too bad.

What does he get out of it? That's what he gets for aiming high. He isn't right.

She's having such a hard time trying to choose between the latest duke and the new what king that she scarcely notices the first time she throws him down.

In the mean time he picks himself up, brushes off the dust and goes at it again. Give it up? Never! The idea doesn't even so much as occur to him. He is one of those unfortunate individuals who can never get one idea at a time. Terrible to be so overcrowded! But his idea happens to be that he is going to get this girl.

While her friends press the claims of their rival candidates, while self-appointed nominees arise to be defeated, while she waits for Prince Ideal, he keeps on his own course, and is the first to start at by this time. Each tumble strengthens the conviction that he will win some day—lumps it in. And, by George, he does. At last it dawns upon her that perhaps a man who won't be thrown down is the real article—about as high as a man can get.

His friends in the Defeated Candidate Club are so astonished they haven't precedence of mind enough to say: "I was wrong to let it from the first." They are so utterly staggered, crushed, annihilated that they actually scrambled for the first time in their lives. And the fellow who wouldn't be thrown down though he hadn't the ghost of a chance.

A political cartoon titled "THE U.S.A. MAN TAKES LIFE INSURANCE POLICY." The scene shows a man in a dark suit and a cane walking away from a woman in a black dress. In the top left, a dog is looking out from a cage. In the top right, a small figure of a person is visible. In the bottom left, a police officer is looking on. The cartoon is signed "H. H. H." in the bottom right corner.

THE FUDGE
MAN IN BALLOON
LEAVES WORLD
BEHIND!

BOW!

BEST CHEWING, SINCE I CUT MY EYE MY TEETH

BOO-HOO! SOMEBODY'S BEEN FFEEDING T'THIS DDOG ON R'RAW M'MEAT

BET HE GETS HYDRO-PHOBIA

THE HOUSE

BIG BLAST! MR. PEEWEE BLOWS HIS NOSE.

H.A. MILLER

A New Republic in South Africa

"I SEE they've started another republic in Central America," remarked the Cigar Store Man.

"Somewhere in those parts," said the Man Higher Up. "Starting a new republic down there is as easy and common as starting a trust in the United States. And they both are framed up about the same way. A revolution is the advance agent and billposter for a new republic, and a revolution is manufactured on wind and Spanish profanity. A modern trust is manufactured on hot air and linotype machines.

"We people in New York think we live an exciting life, and we certainly do have enough excitement. Look at Grout getting dizzy in the head and having to go away and rest. Look at Murphy getting pains in the feet from the strenuous life and side-stepping office-seekers and going away to boll out in a hot spring somewhere. Ever see the worthy Mayor, who is accused of having a circulation system that runs nothing but ice-water, has to go to some secluded spot and try to absorb some heat. The campaign has knocked them out, and the most of us have a campaign on all the time—a campaign for the wherewith.

Sherlock Holmes. By A. CONAN DOYLE. A Study in Scarlet

(Permission of George Munro's Sons.) that the blood which covered the floor son to believe that he had ceased to be. halls also from Salt Lake City.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER:
A rich American named Drebber is found murdered in a deserted London house. Sh

promising whether he really loved me as much as that or not. Oh, Harriet, I'm p-p-perfectly miserable! He seems to be wretchedly healthy, and I d-d-love him so m-much!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

WEE BIT DEAF.

Mrs. Newliwed—I made a big batch of these biscuits to-day.

Mrs. Newliwed—You did, indeed, dear.

Mrs. Newliwed—Yes, but do you know how big a batch I made?

Mrs. Newliwed—Oh, I thought you said "batch."—Philadelphia Ledger.

MODEST.

"Remember," said the serious man, "that money is not the only thing to be striven for in this life."

"Maybe not," answered Senator Sorghum, "but a whole lot of people think it is, and I am not egotist enough to try to set any new fashions"—Washington Star.

lock Holmes deduces the theory that Drebb was poisoned by a tall, florid man dressed as a cabman. The following day, the

"Papa, have-you seen Harold since you told him he was too poor to think of-of marrying me?"

"Yes; I ran across him at the club last evening. We got into conversation and he struck me-er"—

"Struck you! Oh, papa!"

"Struck me as quite an agreeable young man. I understand his uncle has left him \$200,000."—Kansas City Journal.

ber's secretary, Joseph Stangerson, is found murdered. A cabman, whom Holmes

"Haven't I, though? You have no idea what a lot of trouble it is to keep looking cool and comfortable."—*Denver Times*

summoned, enters the latter's rooms. Holm handcuffs him and denounces him as the murderer of Drebbler and Sangerman.

prisoner, Jefferson Hope, confessed and told how, in Utah, Drebbler, who was a Mormon stoic from him his promised bride, aided Stankerson. Hope had followed them to England. Disguised as a cabinman, he helped Drebbler obtain an empty house and then offered him his chance to two pills, one harmless, one poisonous. The two were exact alike. Drebbler had taken the poison pill and died.

Stankerson was his next victim. Soon after his confession Hope dies of heart failure. History explains how he deduced the fact leading to Hope's arrest.

CLARENCE

CHAPTER VI.

"On entering the house," continued Holmes, "this inference of footprints of boots the two men made was confirmed. My well-booted man lay before me. The tall one, then, had done the murder, if murder there was. There was no wound upon the dead man's person, but the agitated expression upon his face assured me that he had foreseen his fate before it came upon him. Men who die from heart disease or any sudden natural cause never by any chance exhibit agitation upon their features. Having sniffed the dead man's face, I detected a slight stork smell, and I came to the conclusion that he had had poison forced upon him.

"I then proceeded to make examination of the room.

firm me in my opinion as to the murderer's height, and furnished me with the additional detail as to the Tric Inopoly cigar and the length of his nails. I had already come to the conclusion since there were no signs of a struggle

Pointed Paragraphs

Don't believe all you hear; but be sure to believe all you say.

The dollar you have to pay back is twice as big as the one you borrow.

A woman has more faith in some patent medicine than she has in her husband.

Artists' cherubs are like boarding-house turkey—mostly head and wings.

Cupid is always looking for a chance to swap a peck of trouble for a peck of happiness.

Men propose and women accept—and in after years they wonder how the fool-killer happened to overlook them.

The Memory Machine.

Amnesia, or loss of memory, is chiefly interesting to the psychologists as throwing some light on the nature of memory itself. A perfect act of memory consists of three distinct acts—preservation or fixation of certain states of the nerve cells, reproduction of these and, perhaps most remarkable of all, recognition of them as reproductions in their relations. Moulded states of the memory may refer to any of these phases of an act which is as marvellous as anything in nature. There are about three thousand million nerve cells in the surface of the human brain; they never die in health and they are never replaced or added to. This is memory's machine.

Little Big Men.

Andrew Carnegie is only a few inches above 5 feet in height. Henry W. Phipps, his old partner, is not an inch taller, and John Walker, the other member of the trio who revolutionized the manufacture of steel, has perhaps a little better of both Carnegie and Phipps. As for Henry C. Frick, his head would just about reach to the shoulder of a man of ordinary height. It is said that no day, when these four steelmasters were walking together a booby was called out to his business rival further down the block. As the millionaire passed, the booby said, "That's the fellow who's the boss."

BEGIN
THE GIRL IN BLACK
—IN—
Monday's Evening World.
\$100 in Prizes for the Readers
of This Story.
